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OLD FOLKS ON THE FARM.

a've been out to the medder, wife, to see John's new machine A-cuttin' oats an' bindin' 'em—the like I've never seen. It jest beats all creation, the

thing 'Il do; It cuts the oats an binds dles straight and true. I feel a bit downhearted kinder out o' date,

With all the great improvements comin' on I think o' my old cradle; I suppose it's

Jes' where I left it-yonder in the old barn

An' I look back some forty years an' see the old times when, With that old cradle hangin' there, I led

Xes, forty years have passed, dear wife, since you an' I were young; 'An', lookin' backward now, they seem jes' like a song that's sung. Our John was jes' a-toddlin' 'round an

gittin' everywhere, With little blue check dresses you made With little blue check dresses you made fer him to wear.

Do you remember them, dear wife? Ah, yes, I know you do

Remember ev'rything he wore, down to each stubby shoe.

I used to love to have him 'round, 'most always in the way,

An' beggin' me to toss him up high on each bead o' have

load o' hay. But-forty years; an' baby John a stalwart

man has grown,

A kind an' true an' lovin' one, with children of his own. They're mighty cute, those children are, an' smart as they cambe; 'Twas nice in John an' Nell to name

twins fer you an' me.
They're kind an' true, are John an' Nell,
an' jes' as good as gold;
I only wish that all might have such children when they're old. Our home is nice an' pleasant; we're never

in the way. John always comes fer my advice bout git-An' things like that; an' then again I've often noticed, too,
Neil's sure to come to you to find the way
you used to do.

Yes, I'm mindful of our mercies, an' I try to be content; But when I think how old I've grown, an'

see how thin an' bent-In spite of all that I can do the shadows sometimes fall;
But when the clouds an' mists come down
an' gather over all,

I always seem to see a light that shines from hills afar.

An' I git to lookin' westward, where the An' when I see the red an' gold a-flamin' in

the skies, a-coverin' all the heavens with the rainbow tints and dyes.

I mind me of God's promises about His

An' a blessed sense o' comfort comes home to my old breast. Then, when the sunset glories fade an' darken into night,

I know there'll come a dawnin' soon of God's etërnal light; An' we shall see the dawnin', wife; we're

we'll see the Master Hard

That out of Heaven's crucible can form the sunset grand;
An' all the dark an' gloomy ways shall open to our eyes,
For with His understandin' we shall know

His mysteries. An' we will not be mournin' here an' grievin' Johman' Nell.

Because we know fer certain that they love the old folks well;

the old folks wen;

An' when our eyes are closed, dear wife, to ev'ry earthly scene.

They'll keep the grasses growin', dear, above us, fresh an' green.

And—there, that's John a-comin'! He's got the oats all bound;

That new machine beats ev'rything the hull creation round. git my staff an' help him, fer he al-As if he loved to have me 'round to help un-

hitch the team.
-Sheldon C. Stoddard, in Country Gen-

THE BORROWING HABIT.

BY MYRTA L. AVARY.

THERE is a commandment against coveting, but none against borrowing, which is practically helping factory toilet in the time at her comoneself to what one covets, and the far more serious evil of the two.

But so long as there is no commandment, or even a civil law to the effect see with you that the less selfish way is that "thou shalt neither borrow nor lend," it should be the maxim of every household and a part of the breeding of every boy and girl to respect the property of their neighbor, even if that neighbor is "only a brother, or sister, a mother, or a father."

There are so many types of borrowers and some of them are so charming that it is rather a difficult task to lay plans for their wholesale undoing. There is times when one should lend, times when the girl, affectionate, lovable and kindhearted, who really regards it as a good joke that she has kept a borrowed article so long that the owner in turn borrows it of her, and there is the beauty who borrows anything she looks cause others think we should, but only well in, regardless of the feelings of the as our own will and wisdom direct." possibly plain owner; there is the thinks to return those that have been loaned her, and the girl who has unquestionably a lot of common sense, and who is actually the mainstay of the family, who rejoices because her same size and can wear one another's

As a rule, it is not so much the family, who have grown accustomed to their own bad habit, who feel the inconvenience as the visitor, or chance friend, who although she may possess a sufficient fund of misplaced generosity to lend, cannot bring herself to borrow in return, and soon suffess from a sadly depleted wardrobe. And even if borrowed wearing apparel is returned, its freshness is gone and its individuality too, for the owner has gotten in the way of associating it with another per-

A very charming woman, who possessed a conscience about borrowing. and who was compelled to reside for some time with an otherwise delightful family, who were one and all addicted to the borrowing habit, has written united States pensioners; 31,960 of most feelingly of her experience there-

in, and of the manuer in which one pret ty girl was reformed.

"I really," to quote her exact words, never saw such a houseful of misfits in my life, mother and daughters all decked out in one another's clothes, a portion of each wardrobe having been purchased for some one else. To be sure, these charming people were ready to lend me everything they had, but unfortunately I much preferred wearing my own clothes, which were almost invariably scattered all over the house.

"If a daughter of the house was in my room when a caller was announced, or when the dinner-hour was imminent, that daughter picked up the first collar or belt she could lay her hands on and donned it as readily as if it were her own. It did not improve the case that the borrower was quite willing for the same liberties to be taken with her own belongings. And I could not but perceive that the larger part of the family jars occurring in this amiable household were traceable to the borrowing habit. Yet they thought that not to lend and borrow freely was evidence of selfishness and a restriction upon the privilege and right of relationship and friendship.

"One day, however, I had the chance of getting in a good word with Kate, the elder daughter, which eventually cured her of the borrowing habit. An exquisite gown had come home for her: it had been spread out upon the bed, and the mother and family had been called in and allowed to look upon its beauties. Kate's sweetheart was coming next day, and this gown was to delight his eyes when she appeared before him in it. While she was out walking the unexpected happened, and her lover arrived a day ahead of time. He went after her, met her, and the two walked home together, and, as it was the dinner hour, straight on into the diningroom, expecting to make apologies to the mother for lack of preparation. In that dining-room what sight should overwhelm Kate, but that of Maud, her younger sister, sitting at the table, arrayed in all the glory of the new gown! Maud's beloved had come and she, too, had coveted to appear in new and wonderful apparel. 'You see, Kate,' she said apologetically, 'I didn't know you were expecting Herbert. I didn't know at all what you had this gown for -you didn't tell me. And I didn't think you would care-I thought you would be glad under the circumstances for me to take it. Nobody told me Herbert was here. Jack came, and I hadn't a thought about anything else. And everybody-you, too, Kate-has worn my clothes until they are pulled Nookin' o'er the way,

An' waitin' fer to enter in on His unendin' all out of shape; and I came in here to We'll know the wondrous Workman then; look for something to wear, and you were out, and I had to take without consulting you. I had doubt but it would be all right.'

"'I believe,' said Kate to me after dinner, 'your way of not borrowing nor lending is best-although, at times, I have thought it was a dreadfully self-

"Then I found time for the lesson. 'My dear,' said I, 'the spirit which is back of the freedom with which you lend and borrow with each other, is so beautiful that I hardly feel it is for me to criticise this particular form of its expression, yet indiscriminate borrowing seems to me communism to the point of lawlessness. A higher expression would be in carefully respecting the rights and property of each other. And in the point of convenience, it would have many advantages over your present custom. Whenever any of you want to go out, there is great confusion here in matching your gowns with the trimmings which belong with them; much time is lost, and, as you know yourself, much composure of spirit, Your mother, for instance, who does more lending and less borrowing than the rest of you, has become quite discouraged in her attempts to go out, verily, as I believe, from the difficulties which lie in the way of making a satis-

mand. "'I hadn't thought of it in that way," Kate replied, softly. 'I believe that I not to borrow. But I do not know how !

shall cease to lend. "That will come of itself. If you cease to borrow you will soon cease to lend. People who respect themselves will not ask it; people who do not respect themselves, you will find courage to refuse. The question of private, personal rights, of justice, should come before that of generosity. There are one should borrow, times when one should give; times, when in our own interest and in the interest of others, one should do none of these things. We should neither give nor lend be-

Another woman, who is an authority truly generous girl who borrows her on these little things in life which make friend's music and books, and is so care- people agreeable to one another, said less about her own stock that she never recently to the writer: "I should always rather give my things than lend them. I have a friend who is a dear, charming woman, but whose visits I dread. She carries away armfuls of books, and when she brings them back mother, sister and herself are all the they are worn and badly used-authors whom I handle with love and reverence."

Every person who borrows freely runs the risk of making himself or herself a nuisance to the friends who love them; every person who lends freely runs the risk of having precious treasures abused by careless hands and of entertaining ill thoughts in consequence. Lend liberally, give liberally, in response to actual need and in accordance with your judgment and conscience, but do not abuse the high privilege of giving and lending by using it heedlessly. And by no means borrow heedlessly, remembering that there is a law in nature which makes us pay for everything we get to the uttermost farthing .- Demorest's Magazine.

-Last year was unusually fatal to

PITH AND POINT.

-"Booksellers seldom get a day off." That's so; their employers think they get exercise enough running up and down their columns of figures."-Chicago Record.

-"I understand you have a silent partner in your business." "Your informant evidently didn't tell you that my partner was a woman."-Chicago Evening Post. -A Discreditable Trick .- "Sputter

says he is not writing for fame; he is writing for posterity." "Well, all I have to say is that he is taking a mean advantage of posterity."-Detroit Free -The Only Pretext Gone.-"I don't

see why this magazine has stopped running continued stories." "Why shouldn't "Because now there isn't any excuse for bringing out the next number." -"I have the loveliest husband in the world," said the blushing bride to her

best girl friend. "He is just splendid," was the sweet response. "Of all the young men I was ever engaged to, I liked him best."-Tit-Bits. -A Matter of Principle.-"And weren't you afraid to have the baggage smasher handle your wheel?" "No.

knew he'd take good care of it, because

I found out that he rode the same make himself."-Cleveland Leader. -A Difficult Situation .- "I'm in a quandary," remarked the fire-eating citizen. "Of what nature?" "I challenged that magazine editor." "What did he do about it?" "Sent me a printed slip saying that my manuscript had been received and would be read as soon as it could be reached in its turn."-

Washington Star. -"Have you any good sweet cider?" asked Mr. Frankstown of his grocer. "Yes," replied the man of tea and sugar. have some genuine anarchistic eider." "Anarchistic? It is likely to make trouble, is it?" "I don't mean i In that sense. I call it anarchistic cider because it is guaranteed not to work." -Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

SULTAN'S WIVES BATHING.

How They Take Their Only Amuse ment Described by a Woman. It has remained for a German newsteries of the sultan's harem. For the first time an outsider has entered the baths attached to the imperial harem.

The newspaper woman is Adele Stern, How she managed to get into the sacred precincts of the baths she does not say in her account, but she gives a very interesting description of their interior. This is what she says:

"The bath is for the Turkish women what the theater and concerts and balls | when the affair had already created are for the European. It is the only great sensation, was transferred to anrecreation and amusement the poor other district. After that transfer one creatures have.

was struck at once with the oriental splendor of the room. The place is used as a disrobing chamber. When I entered I was greeted by the shrill chatter of half a dozen of the sultan's wives or concubines. They smoked, rouged their cheeks, nursed their babies, and talked as only Turkish women can.

"A sort of chaperone sits on a little dals. She takes change of the imperial jewels and trinkets. She is a pleasantfaced woman, and everybody who enters she greets with 'Guleh, guleh, gelrinis,' which, translated, means: 'May you come back smiling.'

"Along the walls are low settees. In the middle of the room stands a magnificent Turkish clock. Near by is a mangel, an open metallic stove, from which comes daintily perfumed heat On the top is a big bronze pot, in which delicious mocha is being brewed. At every other step is a sort of cradle in which rest from one to three children.

"The cradles are marvels of simplieity. They consist of a pillow which is suspended at each end by a rope, the ends of the ropes being fastened to convenient pillars. The children are placed on the pillow and tied to it by means of silken searfs. There they sleep while their respective mothers gossip and bathe.

"The dolce far niente of Turkish female life can nowhere be better studied than in a bath. The women of the harem enter the bath early in the morning and spend from an hour to the whole day here.

"And now to the bath itself. It is a the white marble, the perfumed steam, all help the illusion of being in some Nixie land. Right before me, splashing in the water, are two nymphs. They are superbly beautiful young girls. Their immense black eyes glance sadly at me from beneath a mass of raven black hair. Their forms are exquisite, white as the alabaster surrounding them, and with skin as soft as the richest velvet. "At this moment I am accosted by an elderly woman, whose arms are mus-

cular in the extreme. "'Mascallah!" she cries. Translated. this means: 'Oh, thou wonder of God!' Just why she considers me in this light I do not know. Without more ceremony she takes me, plunges me into the water, rinses me, soaps me, and finally places me flat on the stone couch. Then

begins the massage. "The bath finished I am once more ushered into the dressing room. drink a cup of coffee and depart."-N. Y. Journal.

Fight for a Tree's Life.

The oldest tree in the great botanica) garden, the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, Is an acacia, planted 230 years ago. This tree is covered with "wrinkles of old age," and supported on "crutches." It has, with difficulty, withstood recent all the ease of a trained describer, the tempests. Its wounds have been covcred with plasters, and its failing trunk tragedienne. He saw a happy smile and branches bound and stiffened with rods and braces. A determined effort is willowy grace, midnight eyes and all being made to save its life, and much gratification is expressed because it has, this season, once more put forth leaves But the managers of the garden have posted a bulletin announcing that another tempest will be likely to end the position as my press agent?"-Indian dropped off of itself."-Cleveland Plats old tree's career.-La Nature.

BULGARIA'S OFFICIAL MURDERS.

Konstantinof's Assassination Traced to Members of the Government. Searcely has the excitement created by the Boitscheff murder trial at Philippopolis subsided than a fresh case occurs to show how corrupt and unciv-Philippopolis the poet, Aleko Konstantintimate friends. The latter took an active part in politics, was once a member of the sobranye, and, as such, violently attacked the prince, sharply censuring the extravagance of the court. In Bulgaria such action is dangerous, and Dr. Takeff's friends warned him to take care. On May 23 last Dr. Takeff and Konstantinoff were carrylage not far from the town of Tatar drive they happened to change seats. to erect a monument. About a quarter of an hour later a Takeff remained unhurt.

The lawyer drove with his dead friend to Tatar Bazardshik and informed the police prefect, Pisanoff, of what had occurred; but the prefect would not let him finish speaking. He appeared very nervous, and, finally, rudely dismissed him. Pisanoff did not report the case at all to his superiors. But Dr. Takeff knew no rest till he had won the people over to his side against the authorities, who continued to ignore the murder. At last the excitement grew so great that the court of justice was obliged to take up the case, and as it happened that there was a very energetic and honest public prosecutor at Tatar Bazardshik, the administrative authorities interfered and did their utmost to get the case referred to a court-martial, which would have been equivalent to hushing it up. But the public prosecutor would not give way, and finally the affair was brought before the court of cassation, which decided that the court-martial would not be competent. Then the government paper woman to penetrate into the mys- attempted to influence Public Prosecutor Meyer by sending Deputy Prosecutor Milkoff from the appeal court at Philippopolis to Tatar Bazardshik nominally to assist but really doing his utmost to confuse the case, and to suggest to Meyer that Dr. Takeff had shot

Konstantinoff. Milkoff's intentions were so obvious that Meyer was on the point of having him arrested. Police Prefect Piganoff, of Pisanoff's former subordinates had "Upon entering the first apartment I | the courage to tell the examining judge that Pisanoff had, as he alleged, directly asked him if he could not have Dr. Takeff murdered. When the subordinate declined to do anything of the sort Pisanoff said to him: "Perhaps you have no proper gendarmes; if so, send some of yours away, and I will give you some of mine who will do the deed." The subordinate, refusing to make the exchange, was subsequently transferred to a post elsewhere. Public Prosecutor Meyer wished to have Police Prefect Pisanoff arrested, but the government would not give up its favorite, and as Meyer insisted on his demand, he was dismissed from the publie service. At Philippopolis a rich burgher erected a monument to the poet Konstantinoff with an epitaph distasteful to the authorities, which was shortly afterward erased by their order. As yet only a so-called preliminary investigation has taken place, but the trial itself may be expected to throw as much light on the state of affairs in Bulgaria as did the Boitscheff affair, unless, after all, the action is quashed, which the government's conduct with regard to Public Prosecutor Meyer makes likely enough. Here we have a striking confirmation of the perfect accuracy of Dr. Stoiloff's recent statement that in Bulgaria it is necessary to make police prefects of scoundrels.-London Standard.

Animals with Eloquent Tails. Which organ in animals is most used to express emotion? Since it may be said that, within the sense of the quesveritable fairyland. The soft, damp air; tion, there are scarcely any dumb animals-even the hair utters a most agonized scream of terror when overhunted -it may be said that the vocal organs are, after all, those most universally used for this purpose among animals, as among the human races. There are very few animals which do not utter some characteristic sound to express joy or sorrow, satisfaction, disgust or fear. Next to the voice would probably come the tail, though, curiously enough, different species of animals use this organ to express quite contrary emotions. The dog tribe wag it to express joy or pleasurable anticipations. The felines express anger by the same movement, but both canine and feline express fear by curling it between the legs. while the bovine species express anger by erecting it above the line of the back. Elephants express anger by lashing their tails and waving their ears, horses

> Flow of Eloquence. With all the passion of his soul and

do the same by laying the ears back.

Birds expand the feathers of the tail to

express pride or defiance, and elevate

them to show pleasure. The whale,

too, indicates rage and suffering by

furious blows of the tail.-Bostor

poet had poured forth his love for the creep over her face as he praised her that sort of thing, and he felt that the battle was won. She spoke. "No," she said, "I cannot marry you. I am wedded to my art. But you do talk so beautifully. Wouldn't you like to take a

apolis Journal,

HERO'S UNMARKED GRAVE.

No Monument on the Spot Where John C. Fremont's flody Is Buried. Of all the candidates of the great parties for the presidency of the United States who have died, the only grave unmarked by monument or headstone ilized the Bulgarians still are. At is that of Gen. John C. Fremont. On a broad plateau in Rockland cemetery, inoff and the lawyer, Dr. Takeff, were on the Hudson, directly overlooking the famous Tappan Zee, his body is buried, and while there are hundreds of monu-

ments within a stone's throw, there is nothing but the records of the cemetery to show the location of his grave. When Gen. Fremont died, about seven years ago, his body was placed in the receiving vault in Rockland cemetery, and a movement was started to raise funds ing on an agitation in the district of for a monument. For some reason it Tatar Bazardshik in view-of the ap- failed, and his body remained in the proaching municipal elections. Late vault five years. About two years ago that evening the two friends left a vil- it was removed, and, with imposing ceremonies, buried where it now lies. Bazardshik, Dr. Takeff sitting on the Many distinguished persons were presleft side of the carriage. During the cnt, and it was definitely decided then

Designs were submitted by various whole volley was fired behind them, no artists, and the one finally selected was fewer than 15 empty cartridges being a statue of Gen. Fremont, of heroic size, afterward found on the spot. Kon-stantinoff was instantly killed, but tume of a scout, and standing upon a huge rock. The cost was to be \$10,000. Mrs. Fremont, the widow, approved of the design, but practically forbade any efforts at raising the money by popular contributions. She deplored the publicity that would necessarily follow. An attempt was made to raise the money by private subscriptions, but delays followed, and the monument is no nearer a reality now than ever.

Gen. Fremont died very poor. The women of the west raised enough money to buy a comfortable home for Mrs. Fremont in Los Angeles, Cal., where she now lives. Although more than 70 years old, she is diligently prosecuting what she terms her life's work. This is a suit for many thousand dollars against

the government. Gen. Fremont owned a tract of land near San Francisco of about 40 acres. The government desired the ground for military purposes, but Gen. Fremont would not accept the price it offered. Finally the government took possession of the land and Gen. Fremont took the matter to the court of claims. The matter was allowed to languish until a short time before the general's death Then the government declined to pay for the land and put in the defense that the claim was outlawed.

The expectation of a favorable settlement of this suit has caused Mrs. Fremont to object to any efforts to erect a monument to her husband by popular subscription. In the last letter received by her friends here upon this subject, Mrs. Fremont said:

"I feel that it is my duty to erect the monument to the memory of my dear husband. The suit which I have pushed so diligently must with all justice be decided in my favor. If it is not I may relinquish the task of erecting the mon ument to others."-N. Y. Herald.

WHY SUNDAY IS CHOSEN.

Most Royal Assassinations Have Occurred on the Sabbath.

Sunday seems to be a favorite day for political assassinations of Europe. The death of Canovas on this day recalls the long list of rulers who have either met death or but narrowly escaped it on the Sabbath at the hands of anarchists, communists or nihilists. The fact that in the old world Sunday is the great festival day, when the rulers go around and give their subjects an opportunity to look upon and get near them, is perhaps a sufficient explanation.

Alexander II., the Russian czar, was returning to his palace on the afternoon of Sunday, March 13, 1881, when a dynamite bomb was thrown at his carriage. The carriage was blown to pieces and Alexander died within a few hours.

President Carnot, of France, was at Lyons, attending an industrial and art exhibition on Sunday, June 24, 1894. That night as he drove to a theater, Sesare Giovanni Sarilo, a young Italian anarchist, sprang upon the step of the president's carriage and plunged a knife into his abdomen. Carnot died within a few hours. President Faure narrowly escaped

death on Sunday, June 13 last. He was driving on the Bois de Boulogne to witness the Grand Prix at the Longchamps race course, when a bomb was exploded near his carriage. It was of faulty construction and hurt no one. Two attempts have been made on the

life of King Humbert of Italy on Sunday. March 17, 1878, Giovanni Pasanante climbed into the king's carriage in the streets of Naples and stabbed him in the thigh with a sword. The king fought back, cut his assailant on the arm and held him at bay until the police took charge of him. On Sunday, March 26, 1893, a religious fanationamed Beradi attacked King Humbert in the streets of Rome, but was captured before he did any harm.

William I. of Germany, grandfather of the present emperor, was twice attacked by would-be assassins on Sunday. On July 14, 1861, Oscar Becker tried to shoot him, and on June 2, 1878, Dr. Nobling repeated the attempt. Nobling blew out his own brains when he saw that he bad failed .- Washington

Johnnie at the Pienic. "We had an awful time with Johnnie Potts at the Sunday school picnic."

"And after he ate his dinner we

"What was the trouble?" "Why, Johnnie wore one of those belts with a metal clasp." "Yes?"

couldn't unclasp it." "Good gracious! What did you do?" "We tried to file it off, but couldn' ret at it. Johnnie squirmed and yelled like an early Christian martyr all the time. At last Rev. Mr. Gusher hired a man to take Johnnie in a boat and row | glass (a clear marble-topped table anhim out to where the water was real

WOMAN AND HOME.

BABY INCUBATORS. Model System of Treatment for Weak and Sickly Infants.

model institution for treatment of weakly infants was opened for private inspection at the Victoria era exhibition. It is divided into three sections. One for the offices of the medical men and nurses in charge, one for a nursery, and in the central room are the nickelplated and plate-glass incubators in which infants are laid on little white coverlets, placed upon wire hammocks. Before entering these, through a pipe four inches in diameter, pir is moit tened by passing through a sheet of antiseptic absorbent wool. It then passes through dry wool, which retains the soot and impurities of the atmosphere. The air then traverses another pipe to the center of the incubator. On this orifice is a disk for uniformly distributing the air; above all is a chimney with a revolving fan, which forces exhausted air to escape. Uniform heating is produced from an external boiler, circulation being effected by a copper pipe leading under the hammock. A thermostat on the wall is connected with a chain which suspends an aluminum cone lid over the lamp of the boiler, and its expansions and contractions automatically control the temperature to the degree to which the apparatus is set. A thermometer and hygrometer inside the glass door indicates respectively the temperature and moisture of the air within. The capacity of the handsome little incubators is less than a cubic yard.-Chicago Inter Ocean.

POSTAGE STAMP BED.

How a Kansas City Man Ornamented a Piece of Furniture. Patience is a virtue which some peo ple exemplify in remarkable ways. One of the most patient men in small things is W. S. Wear, janitor of the Karnes school, Kansas City. Last fall he read a story of a family with a whole bedroom set covered with postage stamps, pasted on until it looked like a patchwork quilt. And straightway Wear determined to indulge in the same pastime. He got the school children to begin collecting stamps for him, and



after they had collected about 100,000 he commenced work, putting 10,000 on one bed.

Over 400 foreign stamps are pasted on the crib, and Wear says a stamp collector told him many of them were very valuable. The children in their enthusiasm begged old stamps, many of which had been used to send the love letters of their grandmothers. There are American stamps in the collection that the present generation never even heard of.

Wear has two or three bushels of stamps left, and will spend his idle moments decorating the rest of his household furniture with them.

SPOILING CHILDREN. There Are Many Ways In Which This

Task Is Accomplished. It isn't a difficult task to spoil a

child. No great art is demanded in accomplishing this result. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bid- processes go on without impediment. ding, writes Dr. Talmage. Let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it brought to him. At ten noises are often the occasion of positive years of age have Bridget tie his shoe strings. Let him strike auntie because jar the bed, to spill the medicine when she will not get him a sugar plum. He will soon learn that the house is to 'sleep audibly' are cases where 's his realm, and he is to rule it. He will small unkindness is a great offense in come up into manhood one of those the hypersensitive condition of the precious spirits that demand obeisance nerves of the patient." and service, and with the theory that the world is his oyster which with his knife he will proceed to open. But if between the piano and the wall, and the child be insensible to all such much more if possible. The instrument efforts to spoil him, try the plan of will not only sound better, but be safer never saying anything encouraging to from dampness and changes of temhim. If he do wrong, thrash him soundly; but if he do well keep on bric-a-brac on the piano, as it deadens reading the newspaper, pretending not the tone, and sometimes causes unto see him. There are excellent people, pleasant rattling. In playing, be carewho, through fear of producing childish vanity, are unre- is worse than none. Listen to your own sponsive to the very best endeavor. When a child earns parental very slowly, to bring out a pure, round, applause he ought to have it. If he get long tone without hard striking of the up head at school, give him a book or keys .- Housewife. an apple. If he saw a bully on the playground trampling on a sickly boy, and your son took the bully by the throat gated in color, praise your boy, and let milk. Beat this to a smooth paste, add him know that you love to have him the which you have given him. If on commencement day he make the best speech, or read the best essay, tell him of it. Truth is always harmless, and the more you use of it the better. If your daughter at the conservatory take the palm, give her a new piece of music, ring, a kiss, or a blessing. Never withhold due meed of praise.-Housewife.

To Smooth Hendkerchiefs.

Nice handkerchiefs should not be froned. When rinsed, pass them through a wringer, after they have been folded in a fine towel. Spread on a sheet of swers) and smooth till every wrinkle is little he would propose?" cut. The linen or muslin will cling to bandkerchiefs just from the shops,

One Dollar Per Year. DAISY PINCUSHION.

It Is Cut from Silken Fabric and

Easily Put Together. This marguerite pincushion is suggested, of course, by the simple daisy. To develop it satisfactorily get about a yard of good quality ivory surah silk, a half yard of leaf green Roman satin, a quarter of a yard of bright yellow pongee silk, some stiff cardboard, and a

small quantity of wadding.

Everybody knows the arrangement and shape of marguerite petals. Cut out about 16 petals from some crossbar white muslin, the petals to be from three to four inches long and threefourths of an inch wide. As a center cut a round piece of cardboard with a 12-inch circumference and lay quite s



two-inch depth of the wadding upon it, being careful, however, to place the padding thicker in the center, so that the rounded heart of the natural flower may be reproduced. To keep the wadding in place cover it with a piece of thin white muslin, which can be gummed to the underneath part, and then sew on the petals, arranging them so that the shorter ones may come on

top of the longer. To decorate the center now proceed to unravel the yellow pongee silk, and when all the strands are separated cut them into two-inch lengths, and, taking eight or ten strands at a time, catch them down with a stitch in the middle to the padded cardboard until every part of the foundation is completely covered. This will be found to give the soft fluffy effect of the flower center, and all the uneven ends must be cut off, so that there remains an even surface of about an inch in depth in which the pins can be stuck. The frayed silk must be placed quite to the edge, so that the joining of the petals to the center may

be completely hidden. For the mount of the pincushion cut a square of cardboard a little smaller than the whole flower, and cover it with the green Roman satin, attaching it either by stitches or glue to the under part. Secure a roll of satin-covered cardboard upon this, to which the flower must be fastened; it must be deeper at the back than in the front, so that the daisy may incline forward some what.-Chicago Tribune.

IN THE SICK-ROOM.

Should Be Kept Scrupulously

Clean and Free from Noise. Mrs. Burton Kingsland, writing of When Nursing the Sick" in Ladies Home Journal, insists that a "tranquil mind is of the utmost importance to the patient, and consequently everything must seem to be moving smooth ly and easily, no matter what difficulties the nurse may have to encounter. The invalid should not be allowed to feel any responsibility whatever about his own case. The sick-room should be kept scrupulously neat, and made as cheerful and attractive as possible, that the eyes of the patient may rest with pleasure upon his surroundings. The nurse herself may contribute to the agreeable environment if her own dress be simple and tasteful, and above all, conspicuously neat. All soiled dishes should be removed immediately after being used, and no food kept in sight. Even the medicine bottles need not be obtrusively in evidence.

"Stillness has in itself a power to sooth, and, as all know, when the nerves are quiet nature's healing Creaking shoes, rustling of garments, the rattling of dishes and kindred suffering to an invalid. To accidentally administering it, to close a door noisily,

Proper Use of the Plano.

Keep a space of eight or twelve inches perature. Never put books, music or ful in the use of the pedal. Too snuch playing; strike single notes and chords

Breadcrumb Fritters.

Soak two cupfuls of fine, brown breadcrumbs in one quart of boiling ful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of would not do right a day if you had no grated nutmeg, one saltspoonful of more prospect of reward than that salt and the same quantity of soda. Lastly stir in the stiffly-beaten whites of the three eggs. Fry in boiling lard and sprinkle with fine sugar,-N. Y. Ledger.

> Its Falsity Proved. Smythe-I wonder what idiot originated the phrase: "There's no account-

ing for taste." Tompkins-Why? Smythe-Because I'd like to get at him! I've just been accounting to the milliner and modiste for my wife's

taste!-Brooklyn Life. . A Desperate Case. "Mary," said the shrewd mother. 'don't you think if you helped John a

"Help him! Why, mother, what water, and in a little while the belt the marble or glass, and dry with that more can I say? Didn't I tell him that finish that is on the fine unstarched you approved of him as a son-in-law?" -Philadelphia Item